## **No Hope**

My life is a real paranoia I exist in immense hopelessness Closed in narrow cage Among baseness filling me with disgust The fear leaks through my hands Covering the face of weakness and sadness I feel someone's hand Fingers tightened on my neck I try to understand anything Though everything makes no sense My scream echoes from walls Pressing me down to the ground I'm afraid of the minds Which bother me incessantly I'm still looking for an exit Bit it surpasses my strength No hope I crawl through the fog of last sanity Unconsciously I transform from night Into wrong Because all around is the false I slowly sink into the deadness of existence I ramble through desert of suffering And disquietude No hope Nothing absorbs my mind My life has been proposed without me

## Trauma